

Memories, December 24, 1941

Written by Laura Tipsword, 1941

Dreaming alone in the twilight as the evening shadows fall
The house seems so empty and silent—no merry laugh or gay call
No glad hello, nor no slamming the door,
And no muddy tracks on the kitchen floor,
In days that are past they came trooping in,
Hungry as bears and dirty as sin.

Half sleeping, half waking, they come and go,
Thru memory's vision they pass to and fro
Did I see a dim form at the window, or only the curtain stirred?
Hark—was that a soft footfall and whisper,
Or only the wind that I heard?
I am silently drifting back, thru the corridors of time
In fancy they are with me, these lads and lassies of mine.

I feel their warm soft bodies as they cuddle close in my arms.
Oh! If I could always hold them thus, and shield them from all life's harms.
Again they gather at my knee, with upturned faces bright,
Asking for the old, old story of the star that shone so bright—
Of the babe in the manger cradled that far off Christmas night.

My babes to men and women have grown, scattered here and there—
With homes and problems of their own, but to me they are still most fair.
It was only a delusive dream that came at the close of day,
For a few sweet moments they were with me...
Tho' many miles away.

Swiftly but surely we are passing where earth's ties all are riven,
May each of us follow that guiding star that leads to the gates of Heaven.

Note: This poem was written by Laura Tipsword. Mrs. Tipsword's great-granddaughter, Carolyn (Robnett) Bierman submitted this poem to "Footprints in Marion County" in 2005. Bierman wrote of her grandmother "She was a tiny, gentle lady who loved working with her flowers." When the poem was written, "she was 70 years old and her children had grown up and moved away with families and lives of their own. However, on December 24, 1941, while others had visions of sugarplums, a white Christmas and Santa Claus, Grandma Tippy wrote of her own dreams and memories."